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Bloodborne

THE HEALING THIRST

WRITTEN BY
ALEŠ KOT

ARTWORK BY
PIOTR KOWALSKI

COLORS BY
BRAD SIMPSON

LETTERS BY
ADITYA BIDIKAR

ORIGINAL GAME
PUBLISHED BY
SONY INTERACTIVE ENTERTAINMENT
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FROMSOFTWARE, INC.

The city of Yharnam: an ancient, gothic metropolis and home to the Healing Church.

Founded by Laurence, the first vicar, the church has become renowned for its miraculous blood-based curatives, attracting the sick and afflicted to Yharnam from far and wide.

However, recent days have seen the city fall foul to a nightmarish plague known as the Ashen Blood disease, the source of which remains a mystery.

Hunters now stalk the streets in search of beasts as the moon hangs ominously low in Yharnam's sky, while two unlikely citizens search for answers...

#5 COVER A
BY
TRADD &
HEATHER
MOORE

Once upon a time, we believed we could stop hell from descending on our land.

But the ashen blood disease spreads, and so does the beastly curse.

Disposing of the ever-increasing amount of beasts, the brave hunters do their duty, ceaselessly tearing the night apart.

And while they follow what fate made their call...

...the ashen blood drowns Yharnam in yet another kind of death.

Once upon a time, we believed hell could be stopped...

...not seeing it was already here.

CITIZEN. YOU MAY DO WELL TO STEP ASIDE.

THOSE AFFLICTED BY THE BEASTLY CURSE TEND TO REANIMATE AT MOST INOPPORTUNE MOMENTS. SURELY YOU WOULDN'T LIKE TO BE AFFECTED BY SUCH AN OCCURRENCE? AND WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE AFTER THE CURFEW?

I AM INVESTIGATING, SEARCHING FOR TRUTHS SMALL AND LARGE.

THE NAME IS ALFREDIUS.

I AM A DOCTOR, DOING MY BEST TO HELP THE CITY OF YHARNAM THROUGH ALL MY RESOURCES AND MIGHT. THOUGH, TO ANSWER THE QUESTION YOU MAY ASK NEXT, I DO NOT CARRY ALL THE USUAL APPROPRIATE DOCUMENTS PERMITTING ME SUCH TASKS.

I AM, YOU COULD SAY, A SELF-MADE MAN. A HEALER.

THE CITY IS HEALING ITSELF... HEALER. AND WE, HUNTERS, ARE ITS FIRST LINE OF DEFENSE.

GO TAKE REST NOW, AND RESUME YOUR HONORABLE ACTIONS LATER...

...ONCE THEY ARE OFFICIALLY PERMITTED BY THE HEALING CHURCH.

I do as the hunters say, but first, I rest at my place of power.

The place where I first met my dearest Mathilde.

Oh, darling.

If only they knew how much better their lives are, for you stand on the same ground as them...

No terror can ever touch it.

If only they could feel the love I feel.

WHAT DO YOU SEE, PRIEST CLEMENT?

WHAT. DO. YOU. SEE.

OUR THIRST FOR BLOOD SATIATES US, SOOTHES OUR FEARS. SEEK THE OLD BLOOD, BUT...

...BEWARE THE FRAILTY OF MEN.

In the spirit of respectable scientific analysis, I must posit the questions of which we are in dire need of answering as soon as is possible.

What is happening in Yharnam?

What is the source of the ashen blood?

What is the source of the beastly scourge?

Why, if blood ministrations help, does the church not act faster?

And why am I sensing that there is something large, right on the edge of my perception, that I am missing, seeing but its shadow in the rare moments when the shadow does not move as fast as my eye?

Is Yharnam slowly growing insane?

Bless me, Old Gods, and grant me eyes, for the doubts in my heart are multiplying in voices by day.

Father Galhad rules with an iron fist, answering to no-one but his superiors. I have no doubt he means well. But...I am afraid to even write this, but the Healing Church feels on a verge of change. Perhaps that is what terrifies me the most, for I have never been one to take change particularly well.

A priest I did not even know had been declared a heretic last night. He is no longer among us. I do not know what he did. Nobody does, except for Father Galhad, and this must be enough.

Yet I am terrified.

The air smells of terror. Priests no longer speak to each other in the halls. Our eyes are full of fear and suspicion. And then there is the strange matter of the old blood, and that wounded hunter, and...

...life in Yharnam is not what I imagined.

Yet continue it must.

I stand alone.

One of the neighbors succumbed to the beasts a few months ago. I have attempted to secure what had been found of his remains, but the church has insisted they collect and dispose of them immediately.

I worry for Mathilde, who was his wife. But now is not the time for putting the good of one above the good of many.

There are...certain officially forbidden techniques of research. And the church most certainly refuses the collection of samples on moral grounds...

...Alas, the church and sanctity of intent do not always make the best bedfellows, and neither do science and morality.

There is a talk of purges.

Perhaps they are necessary.

Yet something...feels odd. Why now, of all times? Why now, when the church needs every body and soul to fulfill its purpose? Has its role changed somehow, and am I merely not understanding that times such as these require a different approach?

What is the best way to guide the flock?

Should I simply continue to comfort the dying and raise the spirits of the living?

Should I avoid the heresy of unnecessary questions, as Father Galhad proclaims?

Old Gods, please grant me strength.

Nature is indifferent.

Life and death intertwined, forever at dance. Nothing new here...and yet.

I have made a great discovery today.

More than that.

A confirmation of a discovery...

A confirmation of an impending bloodbath.

I must gather more samples yet. Build a body of proof. A comprehensive study--and present it to the authorities before it is too late. But I must be careful...

...for it would not be the first time I have deceived myself.

They say all this happened because the beast attacked him.

Yet...I remember this man, and his behavior was changed long before then. It is true that even the relatively meek hunters may grow stronger and more aggressive with the frequent use of the old blood...

...But this hunter's change was deeper than that.

He came to me for blessings, multiple times each week. It wasn't just his determination and energy that changed.

It was as if the man himself was altered by a force greater than himself...

...First, from the inside, speaking of things from another world, things he could see while others could not.

Then, he could hear them as well. And a voice of a crying child, from afar...

Then, his voice.

Why was he found in the sewers, and why, when he could still speak, did he tell me to fear the old blood?

Why did he have to tell me to search?

Why is my faith silent when I require it the most?

WHAT WE SHALL DO WITH THE HUNTER IS NO CONCERN OF YOURS, BROTHER EUGENIUS.

IT IS MOST UNFORTUNATE WHAT HAPPENED TO HIM, FATHER GALHAD.

IT IS, IT IS. AND YET, IT MAY ALSO BE A BLESSING.

A...BLESSING?

YES. FOR SOMETIMES, THE GRAVEST OF DISEASES PRESENT THE GREATEST OPPORTUNITIES FOR ASCENSION.

BROTHER CLEMENT DOES NOT THINK SO. HE BLAMES...

...YES? FINISH THE SENTENCE, DEAR BROTHER.

...HE. HE BLAMES...

YES. HE BLAMES THE OLD BLOOD. HE BELIEVES IT MAY WELL BE RESPONSIBLE FOR THE... ATROCITIES, SUCH AS THE ONE THAT RECENTLY BEFELL HUNTER ELIO.

ALL NONSENSE, OF COURSE.

...DOES THAT MAKE HIM A HERETIC TO THE CHURCH?

IT MERELY MAKES HIM HUMAN.

...SO HE SHALL NOT BE JUDGED?

NOT BY THE HEALING CHURCH.

CERTAINLY NOT AT THE PRESENT TIME.

IT IS NOT WHAT WE BELIEVE WE SHOULD DO, BUT WHAT MUST BE DONE THAT SHALL GUIDE US.

AND TO TRULY UNDER-STAND THE PLANS OF GODS...

"...WE MUST CONCERN OUR-SELVES WITH ALSO UNDER-STANDING THAT EACH ONE OF US HAS A LARGER ROLE TO PLAY."

Since I have come to the city, I am not able to sleep well.

It's been years, but it is now I miss mother and father the most. Them, and the silence of the rocks, the knowing, indifferent eye of the night sky...

...There are rumors the waters of Yharnam are polluted. That this may be where the ashen blood originated from. But if that would be true...why would only certain citizens be affected, with no obvious logic?

Is it truly a matter of faith?

Isn't everything?

Why have I seen such terrible changes in so many Yharnamites who were treated with the old blood?

Oh, father...

...I miss the lack of walls, and I remember what you told me.

That I will see too much pain.

That the pain will find its ways inside me. That the body remembers, and so does the body of the city, and that, over time, all this will take its toll...

...I thought I would find peace here, and healing.

"Isn't this what the church is for, father?" I said.

You looked at me for a long time before responding, your kind, stern self growing into a weeping stone, as you said...

"In Yharnam,
nothing truly
heals."

#6 COVER A
BY
MORGAN
JESKE

WELL.

YOU PUNCH QUITE WEAKLY, EVEN FOR A MAN OF SCIENCE.

YOU YELP QUITE HIGHLY, EVEN FOR A TOOL OF BLIND FAITH.

NOT A RESPECTER OF THE HEALING CHURCH, I GATHER.

I THINK YOU AND YOUR KIND ARE A DISEASE WORSE THAN THE ASHEN BLOOD.

THE HEALING CHURCH DOES NOT TURN PEOPLE INTO BEASTS.

EVERY CHURCH TURNS PEOPLE INTO BEASTS OF ONE KIND OR ANOTHER.

SO DO MOST HIGH OFFICES.

I AM A MERE PRIEST.

THEN WHY ARE YOU IN THE GUTTER?

TO LIFT UP THOSE WHO MAY HAVE FALLEN LOW.

HAVE YOU?

THE ANSWER CHANGES EVERY DAY. AND YET, I AM STILL HERE BY CHOICE.

THEN WE HAVE SOMETHING IN COMMON.

...WHAT'S YOUR PURPOSE HERE?

NONE OF YOUR DAMN BUSINESS.

WHAT ABOUT YOU?

I ASKED FIRST.

WE COULD JUST PASS EACH OTHER BY.

WE COULD.

DAMN IT.

A PRIEST WHO CURSES. ASTONISHING.

SPILL IT.

I ASKED FIRST.

YOU PUNCHED FIRST ALSO. I AM IN THE RIGHT.

EEEH...

...FINE.

THE SPREAD OF ASHEN BLOOD DEEPLY CONCERNS ME.

AS IT SHOULD CONCERN EVERYONE.

AND YET SO LITTLE IS HAPPENING.

THE HUNTERS ARE OUT EVERY NIGHT.

AND YET THE NUMBERS OF AFFLICTED INCREASE AT EXPONENTIAL RATES.

WHAT DO YOU KNOW OF THE DISEASE, SCIENTIST?

I AM... OBSERVING PATTERNS.

PATTERNS. SUCH AS...?

THE DISEASE DOES NOT FOLLOW THE USUAL ONES. AND THERE IS NO TELLING WHERE IT BEGAN, OR HOW IT SPREADS. IT DOESN'T SEEM TO BE THE WATER, SINCE THERE WOULD BE MORE INFECTED, IN MORE OBVIOUS PATTERNS. IT CAN'T BE AIR.

IS THERE SOME CONNECTION IN TERMS OF FOOD ALL MAY HAVE PARTAKEN? I DON'T THINK SO. COULD IT BE A VIRUS OF A SORT, PERHAPS TRANSFERABLE THROUGH SALIVA OR...ANOTHER FLUID? PERHAPS...

CERTAIN DISEASES MAY WELL BEGIN IN THE SOUL.

TELL THAT TO A SYPHILITIC.

I WOULD, WERE HE STILL COMING TO THE MASS, BUT HE...

...WHAT?

...FELL OFF.

HAH.

HEH. HEH.

HAHAHAHAHAHAHAH!

Eventually I suggest blood and sexual fluids as other possible sources of the disease.

I had to be careful at first, ensure he seemed at least trustworthy...enough. His reaction seemed that of a man who already senses something amiss, and how could it not be, for what would a priest be doing in a place such as the sewer unless he were already suspicious?

If he is to be believed, he was searching for any sign of what the infected hunter he knew may have been doing down there. He knew this hunter was supposed to be elsewhere that day, and yet, this is where he was found...

...No matter. I showed him my findings. I did not tell him everything, as trust can't be given in complete freedom--it must be also earned over time.

Now more subjects, more tests.

My dear, terrifying, fascinating disease...

...Show your true self.

What a strange fellow.

Fascinating, surely. whip-smart. Yet also ill-mannered, with a deep streak of arrogance running through his veins...

...and a weak left hook.

Yet I find myself appreciating his company.

Perhaps it is his curiosity?

Another man, searching for answers here, in Yharnam, and looking deeper than advised.

Perhaps I have found a friend.

BLESS THOSE WHO RISE EARLY, FOR THEY SHALL INHERIT THE EARTH.

OH. I THOUGHT I WAS ALONE.

I HAVE MERELY NOT SLEPT, DEAR MATHILDE. HOW ARE YOU THIS FINE MORNING?

CONCERNED ABOUT THE STATE OF THE WORLD, AND GRATEFUL FOR WHAT REMAINS OF IT.

WHAT OF YOU, ALFREDIUS? WHAT GREAT MYSTERY ARE YOU AFTER TODAY?

MERELY ATTEMPTING TO SAVE THIS LAND AND ALLOW YHARNAM TO THRIVE AGAIN. DISCOVER THE TRUTH OF LIFE ETERNAL AND GRASP THE TRUTHS OF DEATH. ALL THAT.

OH, GODS.

I APOLOGIZE. I DIDN'T REALIZE--

DON'T HOLD IT AGAINST YOURSELF, DEAR ALFREDIUS.

HE WAS ALWAYS FOND OF YOU.

AND I OF HIM.

I AM SO VERY SORRY FOR YOUR LOSS, MATHILDE.

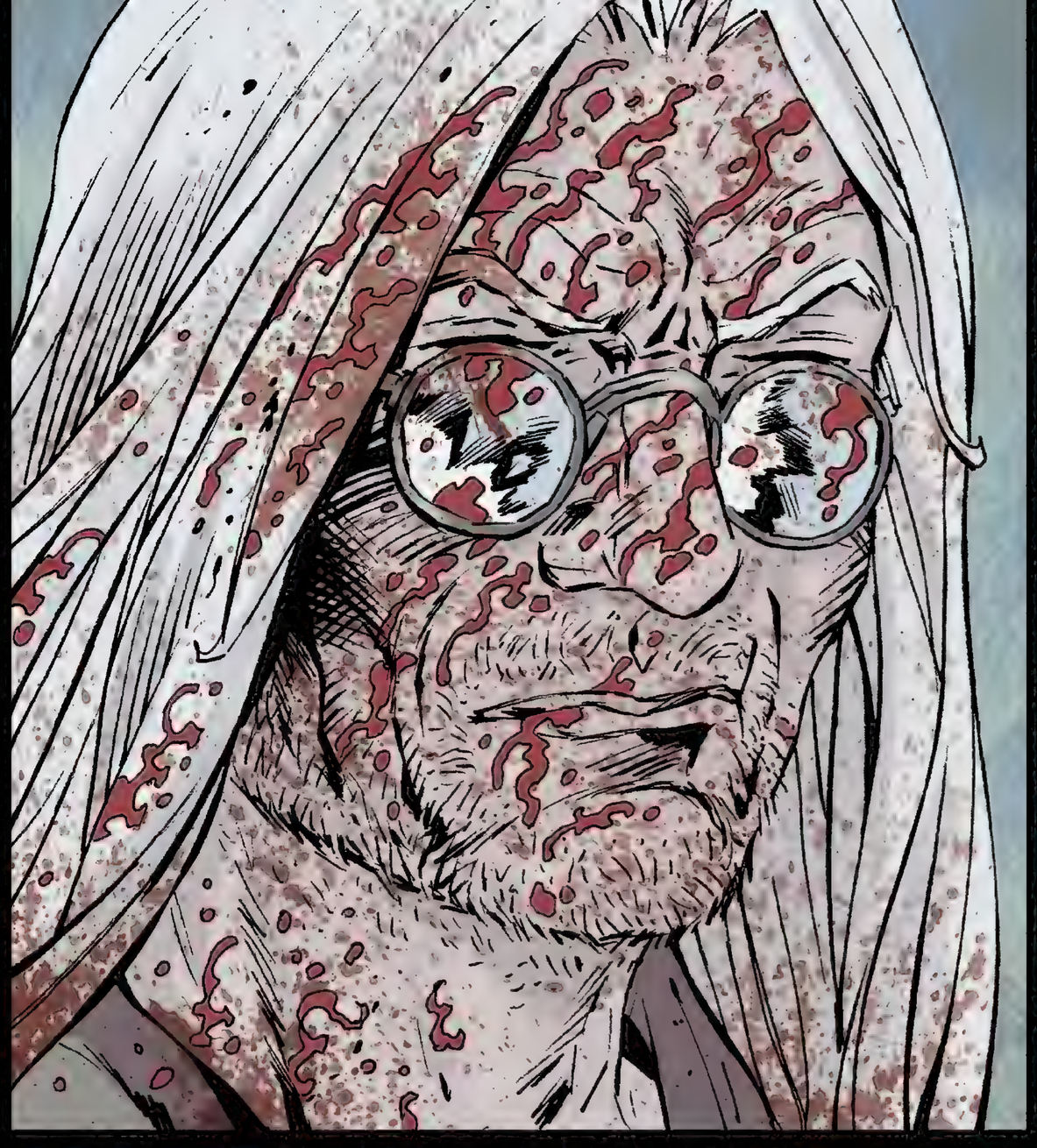
THANK YOU.

WHAT IS--?

SOMETHING IS AMISS.

INTO THE HOUSE!

INSIDE, NOW!



ALL IS WELL NOW, YHARNAMITES.

PROCEED WITH YOUR DAY.

THERE WAS NOTHING TO BE DONE. WHILE YOU WERE ON YOUR WALK TO GODS KNOW WHERE, THE HUNTER SIMPLY PERISHED.

WE COULD NOT ALLOW THE DISEASE TO SIT UNATTENDED.

WHEN ASHEN BLOOD
AND WATERS OF KHARNAM
BECOME ONE
THE UNNAMEABLE
SHALL RISE

KNK
KNK

I BRING A SAMPLE.

Clement's gift stunned me. A sample from a hunter possessed by the beastly curse can be enough of a proof that the disease is spreading among the hunters of the church, and since hunters receive their rations of food and water from their own resources, this could prove the disease does not spread inherently through Yharnam's main pathways...

Clement also brought a gift of old blood--which I do intend to examine later. Though, of course, one would ideally possess a live subject for a proper testing. Perhaps I can come one step closer to how the old blood counteracts the system of the disease? Or perhaps, whether it is its true culprit?

I am beginning to like this man. Perhaps he is truly on my side.

In exchange, I have shared what victims' names I could with the priest--perhaps he can locate them in the archives of the church, see if there is a common denominator amongst them all.

I require a live specimen.

A THOUSAND VOICES FILL MY EARS UNTIL THE MOON GROWS PALE...

BUT SILENCE FALLS WHEN NIGHT-TIME NEARS AND WHERE ART THOU, SWEET NIGHTINGALE?

THREE MORE HUNTERS HAVE BECOME ILL SINCE LAST WEEK, FATHER GALHAD. THE DEPLOYMENTS OF THE OLD BLOOD SEEM TO...

SEEM TO...WELL.

...THERE IS A SMALL POSSIBILITY THE BLOOD MINISTRATIONS MAY BE WORSENING THEIR CONDITION.

WAS THAT THINE ECHO, FAINT AND FAR? NAY, ALL IS HUSHED IN THE SKIES ABOVE...
IN EARTH NO VOICE, IN HEAVEN NO STAR, AND IN MY HEART--

A live specimen. Of course.

Blood Ministration Index

NO DREAM OF LOV--

KAFF KAFF KA--

NONSENSE. AND IF YOU HAD EYES, IF ONLY YOU HAD EYES, YOU COULD SEE...

After all, I am still alive...

GODS.

...THERE IS NO REASON TO FEAR THE OLD BLOOD.

...In spite of all I have done.

#7 COVER A
BY
MICHAEL WALSH

YHARNAM REQUIRES A GREAT HEALING.

ARE WE NOT THE ONES TO OFFER IT?

DEAR EUGENIUS, IT IS TIME.

SEND THE HUNTERS TO THE WATERS AGAIN.

THIS TIME... THEY MUST DISPOSE OF ALL OF IT.

DO YOU UNDERSTAND?

ALL OF IT.

TRIPLE THE DAILY RATIONS OF BLOOD MINISTRATIONS. ALLOW THE MOST DESERVING CASES TO BE TEMPORARILY HOUSED ON THE CHURCH GROUNDS.

BUT ONLY FOR A DAY. TO SLEEP, TO REST.

THEY MUST FIND THEIR OWN SALVATION.

THE HEALING CHURCH CAN ONLY SHOW THE WAY.

SO IT IS TRUE.

I FEAR SO.

YOUR RELIGION IS DESTROYING YHARNAM.

WE SHOULD HAVE NEVER DESCENDED UNDERNEATH THE CITY.

THE CHURCH IS SOUND, BUT THE OLD BLOOD...

...I FEAR IT IS THE OLD BLOOD WHICH IS DESTROYING US.

NOBODY KNOWS WHERE THE ASHEN BLOOD DISEASE CAME FROM.

IT JUST APPEARED ONE DAY. JUST LIKE THAT.

AND JUST AS SWIFTLY...

...YOUR CHURCH HAD AN ANSWER TO IT.

DOESN'T THAT SEEM SUSPICIOUS?

WHAT ARE YOU IMPLYING?

...I AM UNSURE.

THEN PERHAPS YOU'D BETTER KEEP YOUR MOUTH SHUT, SCIENTIST.

DO I DETECT DISDAIN IN YOUR VOICE?

ONLY AS MUCH AS YOU TREAT MY OWN PROFESSION WITH.

PRIEST-HOOD...IS NOT A PROFESSION.

WHAT IS IT, THEN?

A BELIEF.

SO YOU DON'T BELIEVE IN THE OLD GODS, DESPITE THEIR CLEAR PRESENCE?

I BELIEVE IN THE PRESENCE OF THE THINGS WE HAVE DISCOVERED UNDERNEATH YHARNAM. THAT DOES NOT MEAN I HAVE TO NAME THEM...GODS.

DO YOU BELIEVE IN ANYTHING HIGHER THAN YOURSELF?

THE PRECISION OF SCIENTIFIC INQUIRY.

AND ISN'T IT TRUE THAT THE SCIENTIFIC INQUIRY CONTINUOUSLY CHANGES THE RULES OF SCIENCE, REINVENTING IT WITH ALMOST EVERY NEW DISCOVERY?

PROOF IS PROOF.

AND GOD IS GOD.

Can a city breathe?

Lately I ask myself the strangest questions.

Woke up exhausted four mornings in a row. Feverish as well. I suspect I am correct in assuming the sickness is transmitted through the old blood. Yet perhaps, in the right amount...the sickness can also become the cure.

Clement caught an opening in my argument--noted I may be closer to an agnostic than an atheist. I did not approve nor allow this, but I do have to admit his point may be somewhat true,at least here, in the privacy of the diary.

The city reminds me of Mathilde's breathing. Something changed a few days ago, and I worry for her. She does not even tend to her roses anymore...

Both her breathing and Yharnam itself feel broken, as if there are pieces missing in their motions, revealing void places.

Is this all a repayment for the horrible thing I have done?

Can science help where faith may be at loss?

I believe. I...believe this could be true. For what is science if not a sift siven by the sods?

I see our church and I fear what sift it may be. There is a fracturins, a pulsatins terror underneath my every step. I fear its spies, who are many. I fear Galhad. and, most of all, I fear the blindness in the hearts of men.

The ministrations no longer seem to be helpins.

In fact, I fear Alfredius may well be...

THEY THREW IT ALL INTO THE WATERS.

WHAT WAS IT?

I DON'T KNOW.

BUT I WENT THERE AFTER THEY LEFT...

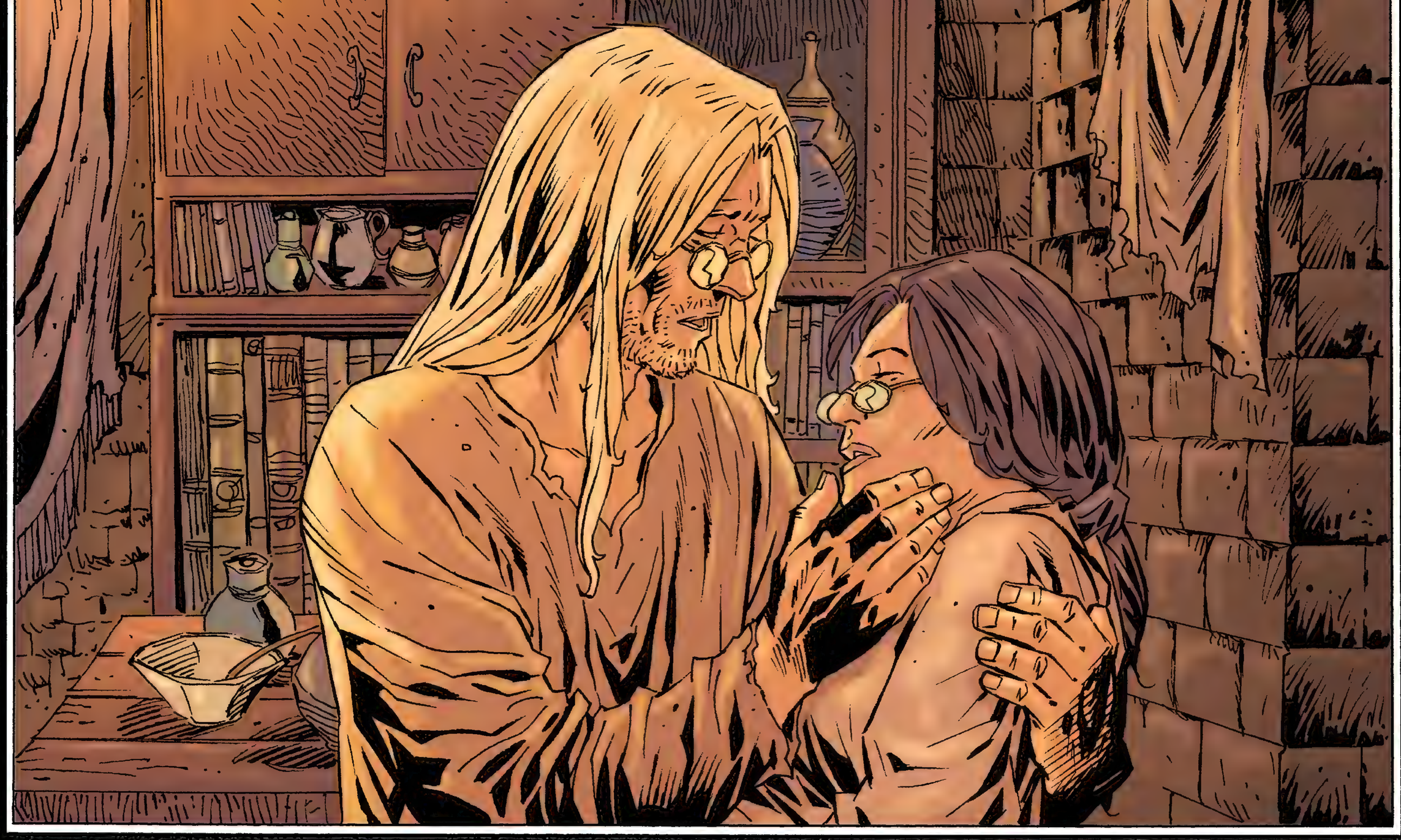
...AND I GOT SOME OF IT.

GODS.

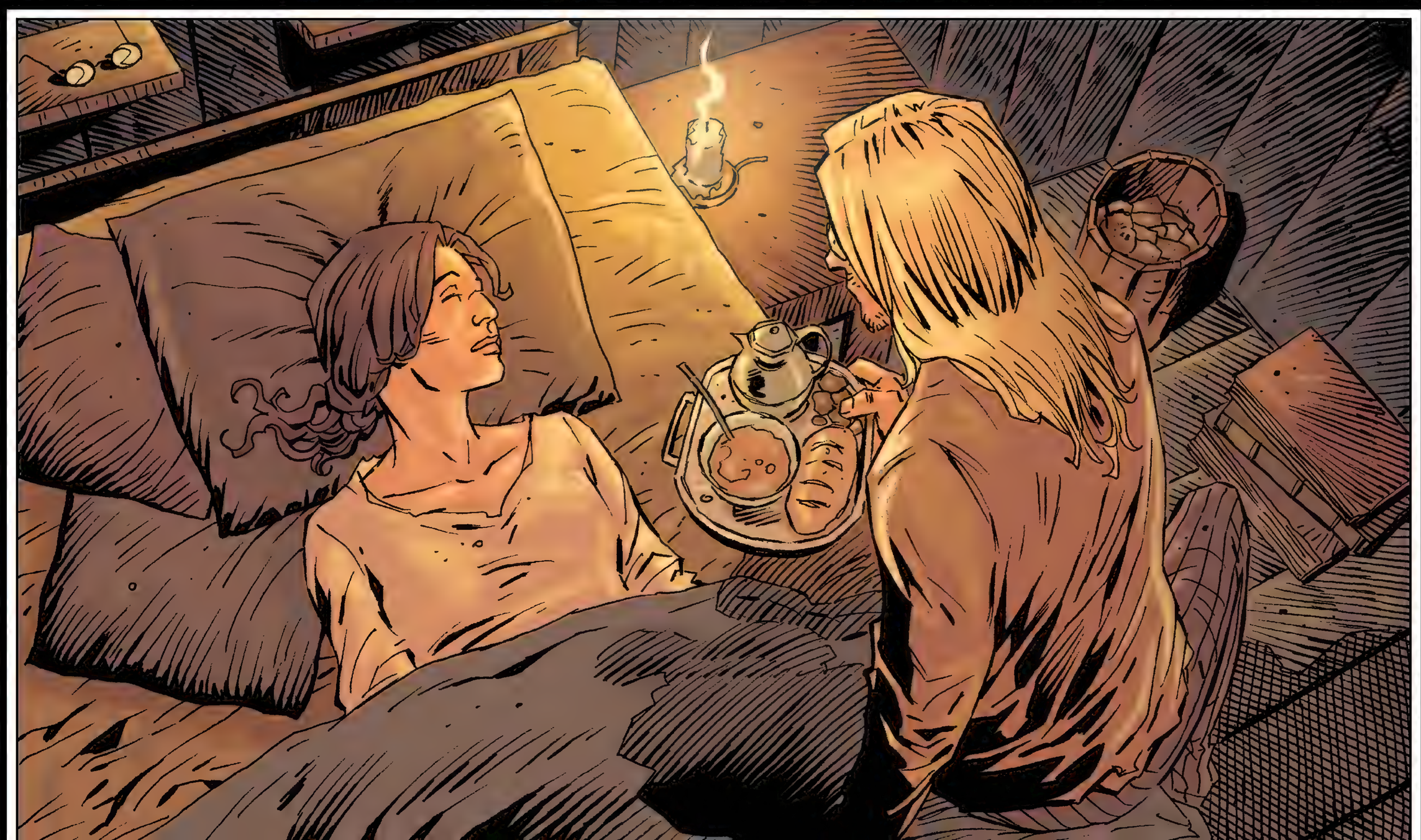
I THINK I'M BEGINNING TO--

HELP!

MATHILDE.



She came to me.



It is good he is taking care of the woman. It is the right thing to do. Yet the last time I knocked on his door, he hadn't even answered, and this troubles me.

Perhaps, for the time being, I should continue our investigation by my own self...

...For once again, I stand alone.

IT SEEMS I HAVE DECIDED TO TAKE A BRIEF RESPITE ON YOUR DOORSTEP.

I UNDERSTAND. THE VIEW IS, AFTER ALL, RATHER SPECTACULAR. BETWEEN THE DECAYING CORPSES, THE TERRIFYING ARCHITECTURE, AND THE MOON DESCENDING LOWER AND LOWER IN DEFIANCE OF ALL THAT WE KNOW...

I HAVE HOPED MY ROSES HAVE SOMEWHAT HELPED WITH FINDING BEAUTY IN SUCH LANDSCAPE.

YOUR ROSES, DEAR MATHILDE, ARE THE REASON IT'S STILL WORTH GOING OUTSIDE AT ALL.

IS IT...THE SICKNESS?

A CURE SHALL BE FOUND.

We are running out of the old blood. But it is helping. She's slowly growing stronger. The difference between a poison and a remedy is, after all, usually in the dose.

I must believe.

I must have more of it.

There is futility in belief. I see that now, more than ever. I see a reminder of all I have ignored in every last breath, in every last man, woman, and child as they pass from this corrupt, damned world.

Perhaps the only reasonable thing is to give in to the corruption.

Accept damnation.

ASHEN BLOOD. THE POWDER, COMBINED WITH UNINFECTED BLOOD, SEEMS TO CREATE IT. THE OLD BLOOD...IS BUT A TEMPORARY SOLUTION.

WE MUST LET THE PEOPLE KNOW.

BEFORE WE DO THAT, THERE IS A FAVOR I MUST ASK OF YOU.

WELL? WHAT IS IT?

I NEED MORE OF THE OLD BLOOD TO CONFIRM MY FINDINGS.

...YOU HAVE BEEN TREATING HER WITH IT, HAVEN'T YOU?

I KNOW WHAT I AM DOING.

HOW SO?

I HAVE TESTED IT ON MYSELF.

YOU DAMN FOOL.

IF THE DOSAGE APPLIED IS LOW ENOUGH, INFREQUENT ENOUGH...THERE IS AN EFFECT, BUT THE BEASTLY CURSE SEEMS TO NOT TAKE EFFECT AT ALL.

THE PAST WEEKS, SINCE SHORTLY AFTER OUR PATHS HAVE CROSSED.

HOW LONG HAVE YOU...?

WE MUST LET THE PEOPLE KNOW.

HELP ME... HELP HER FIRST.

...WHAT IS YOUR RELATION?

SHE IS MY NEIGHBOR.

...AND ONE MUST HELP THEIR NEIGHBOR, OR ISN'T THAT SO?

I feel nothing but disgust.

I feel nothing...because of my disgust.

The church is a lie. Perhaps I will leave it behind.

But first I shall falsify the records and provide Alfredius with yet more old blood.

I shall destroy this page.

This is my confession.

I FEEL MUCH STRONGER ALREADY.

TRULY?

INDEED. THE NIGHTMARES ARE STILL VERY STRANGE, BUT NOW THEY APPEAR MORE AS DREAMS, UNCERTAIN IN THEIR MEANING, NOT ALWAYS TERRIFYING.

I MET MY HUSBAND AGAIN, WOULD YOU BELIEVE IT?

HE SAID, "MY LOVE, ALL WILL BE WELL. FORGIVE THOSE WHO HAVE CAUSED US PAIN, FOR THE ROAD IS BEST TAKEN LIGHTLY."

AT FIRST I THOUGHT HE MUST BE SPEAKING OF DEATH, BUT NOW...

...I THINK HE WAS SPEAKING OF THE LIFE THAT IS AWAITING.

Last three days' worth of old blood.

Stopped taking it a week ago. Mathilde gets my rations. And yet I had to make them smaller yet, to fight the progress...the disease is avoiding my efforts. I thought I understood...

...It hides itself in different parts of the body, seemingly healed. Then, after a day or two, it attacks again.

I can't even bring her to the church. The rumors have it they simply allow certain amounts of citizens to die now. Disallowed even the minimal rations.

Should Clement not provide the old blood soon...I fear the worst.

...Perhaps the worst is what I must do.

#8 COVER A
BY
DANIEL
WARREN
JOHNSON

BLOODBORNE COVER

We believed we could stop hell from descending on our land.

How arrogant.

Hell does what it wants.

We just operate its invisible machinery.

How could I be so blind? To believe one man can change the world?

We always seem to want to believe the worst is firmly behind us.

We always strive to abandon the cycles most natural to us.

Has the history of our species taught me nothing?

The world is a trap

and the trap is

wired shut.

Clement has not returned.

What else to expect from a priest?

His abandonment of our friendship charts the course I must follow...

...And so I make my journey.

Comfort her with its blessings.

Speak to those who must be spoken to...

...and see the gifts of my choice return roses to Mathilde's cheeks.

You left a note under my door, stating you are in hiding, and that you shall return tomorrow.

For what reason? It is too late...

...and I do not feel bad.

I am a healer, and those who ask shall be healed...

...within my own limitations.

HELLO.

YOU LOOK SURPRISED! I LEFT A NOTE UNDER YOUR DOOR THE OTHER DAY--I APOLOGIZE IT HAS TAKEN ME THIS LONG. ALAS, NOT ALL IS LOST.

I BRING GIFTS, MY FRIEND.

YOU... BROUGHT...?

THE PROOF. THE BLOOD.

I HAVE DEDUCED THIS IS WHAT FRIENDS MUST DO--TO STAND BY EACH OTHER EVEN IF THE RISKS ARE GREAT.

SHALL WE CONSPIRE ON OUR NEXT STEPS IN PLAIN VIEW, OR WILL YOU INVITE ME IN?

AH.

WELL. I JUST DID NOT. I...I DID NOT EXPECT THIS WOULD BE... WHAT YOU WOULD...

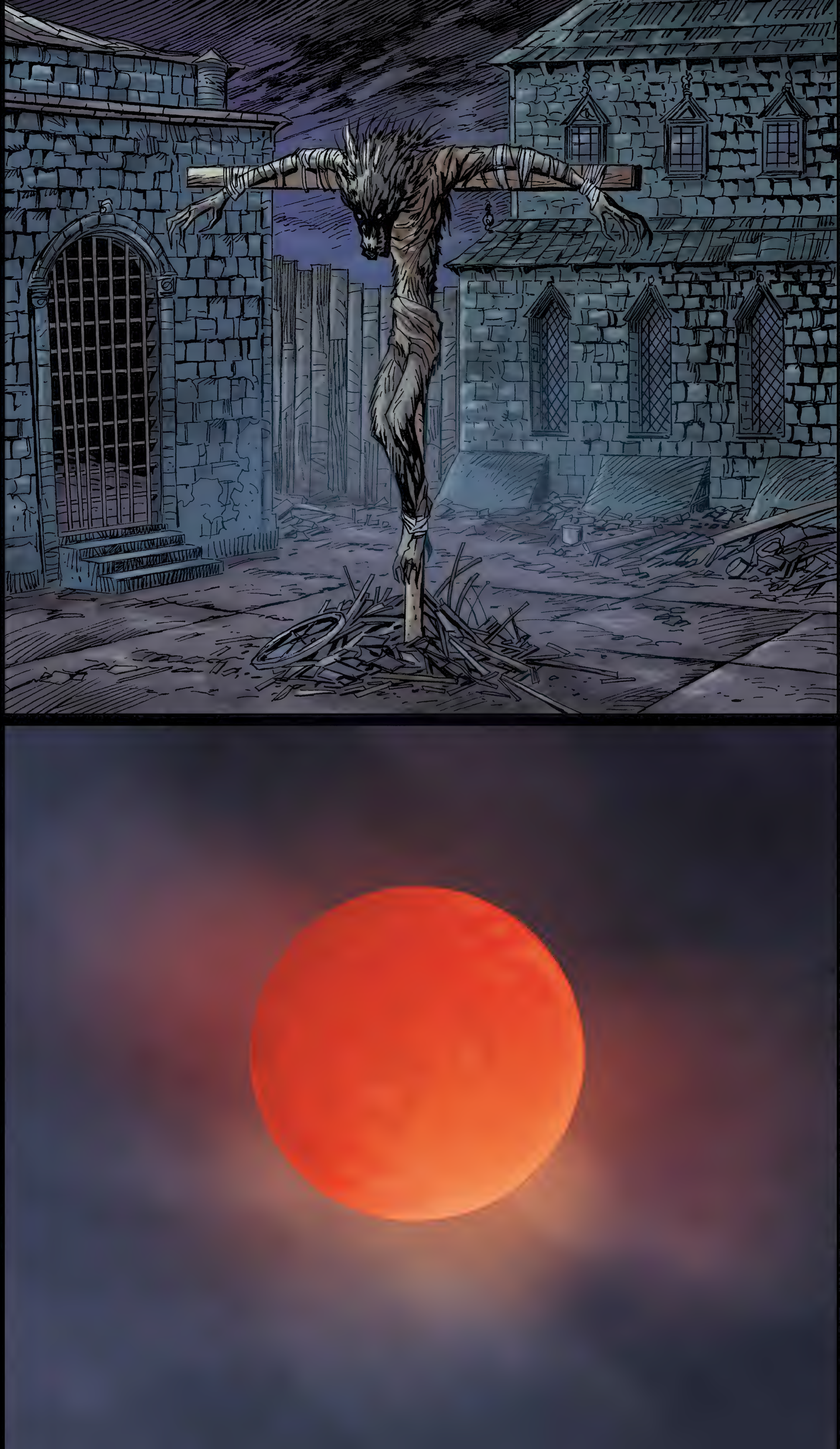
IS SHE...?

OH. YES. SHE IS FINE. I JUST. HAVE TO TAKE CARE OF HER. I DIDN'T KNOW. I DIDN'T KNOW YOU'D BRING THE BLOOD. I DIDN'T...

THANK YOU.

I AM SORRY.

I DIDN'T KNOW YOU'D...I DIDN'T KNOW. I HAD TO GET IT SOME-HOW. BEFORE IT WAS TOO LATE. I DIDN'T KNOW. I DIDN'T...



We all do what has to be done.

Clement...brother, if there was a different way, I would have taken it. You once said man's whole freedom begins with his smallest choices. I hope it isn't so.

But look at her.

She will survive.

What else is there to say?

"LONELINESS FOLLOWED WHEREVER I SET MY FEET.

"MY FIRST FRIEND, A BOY LIVING ON THE SAME STREET AS I, DROWNED BY ACCIDENT AS I TURNED SEVEN YEARS OF AGE."

A WEEK LATER, NOBODY REMEMBERED HIM.

I WONDERED: *IS THIS HOW THEY SEE ME AS WELL?*

IS THIS HOW WE ALL SEE ONE ANOTHER?

I HAD HOPED TO FIND SOLACE ELSEWHERE.

I KEPT THIS A SECRET, BUT NOW THERE IS NO NEED FOR SECRETS ANYMORE, IS THERE?

BEFORE I COMMITTED TO THE CHURCH, I STUDIED SCIENCES, EVEN SOME OF THE FORBIDDEN ONES. I DABBLED, NEVER COMMITTING FULLY TO A PATH...

...EVENTUALLY, I DECIDED THAT RELIGION WOULD BE THE ONE I WOULD MARRY MYSELF TO.

IT WAS IMPORTANT FOR THINGS TO FINALLY MAKE SOME SEMBLANCE OF SENSE.

BUT NONE OF THIS MAKES SENSE, DOES IT?

WE ARE JUST VESSELS.

BUCKETS OF BLOOD, SPILLED AND REFILLED.

I HOPE YOU ALL DIE SCREAMING.

Mathilde is in a state of profound recovery.

Would her husband ever have protected her as well as I have?

I doubt it.

Pushing him off the bridge was not a choice I am proud of, but at least I didn't like the man. He was weak. He was not a friend.

You are a friend, dear Clement.

I wish you were here to see.

The city is finding its ways inside the house, but I have barricaded the house from the city. We have enough provisions to last until the long night is over; their voices won't harm us.

I hope that, wherever the church sent you to rest your spirits, you are doing well.

I wish you were here to see us dance.

YES, DARLING. GOOD THING. HAVE YOU LOOKED AT THE ROSES TODAY? BEAUTIFUL. YOU SIMPLY MUST. YES, WE MAY DANCE. YES.

THANK YOU FOR FORGIVING ME. YES. YOU UNDERSTAND. GOOD. PERHAPS NOT THE TIME FOR A WALK, MAYBE LATER? YES.

NO. MAYBE NOT TODAY. MAYBE TOMORROW. MAYBE YES.

HELL. HELL IS HERE. BUT WE SHALL OUTLIVE HELL AND WE SHALL REBUILD. FOR THIS IS THE PURPOSE OF SCIENCE AND--

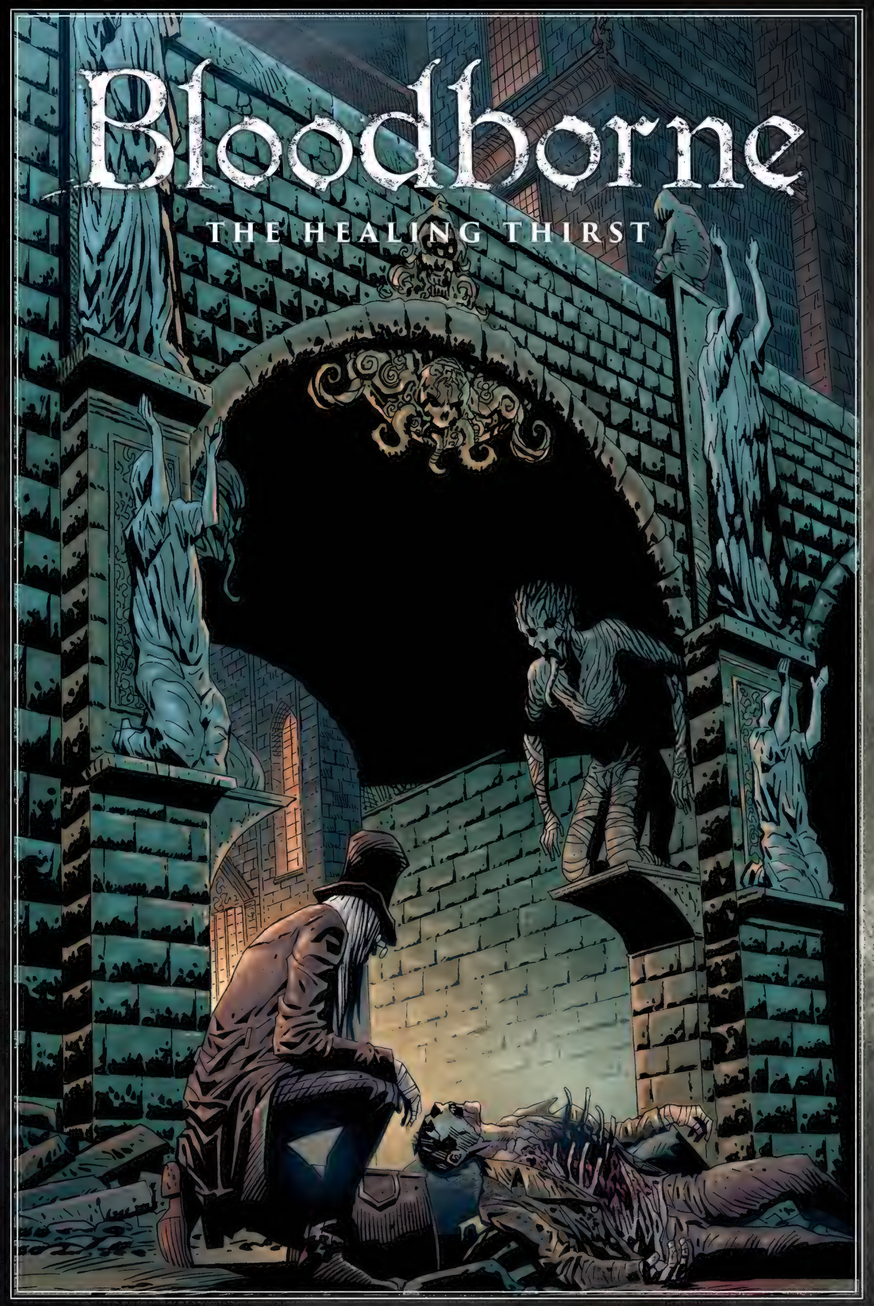
MY DEAR.

I AM HEALED.

THE END... FOR NOW

Bloodborne

COVER GALLERY



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PIOTR KOWALSKI & BRAD SIMPSON

ISSUE #5 COVER C
GAME COVER

ISSUE #5 COVER D
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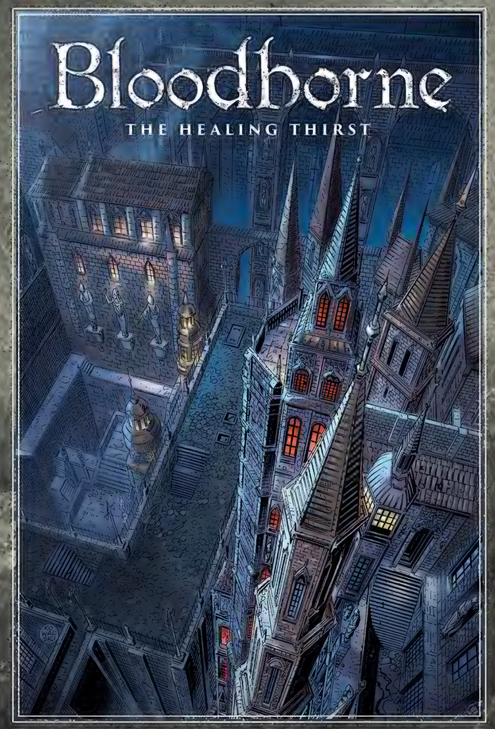

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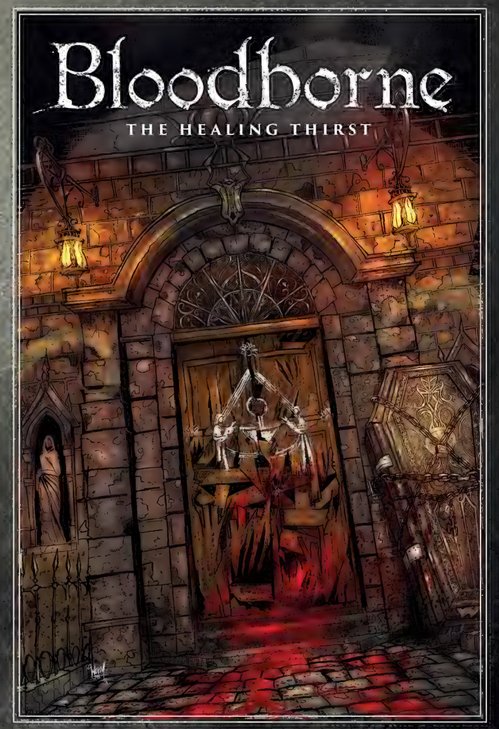

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DAMIEN WORM

ISSUE #7 COVER B
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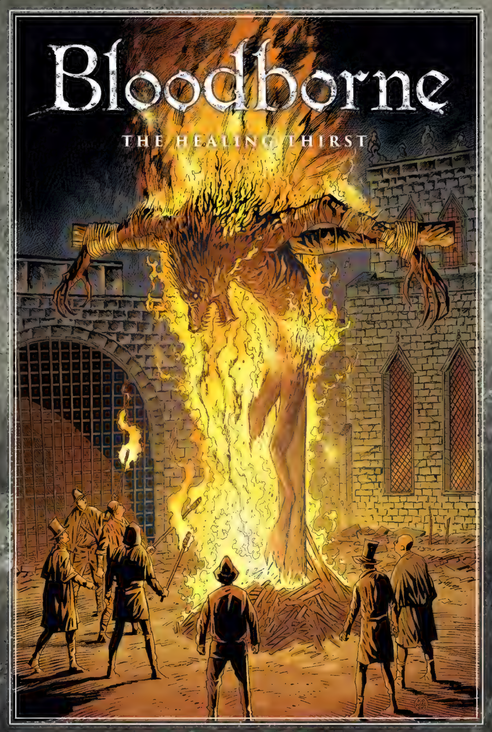
DAMIEN WORM



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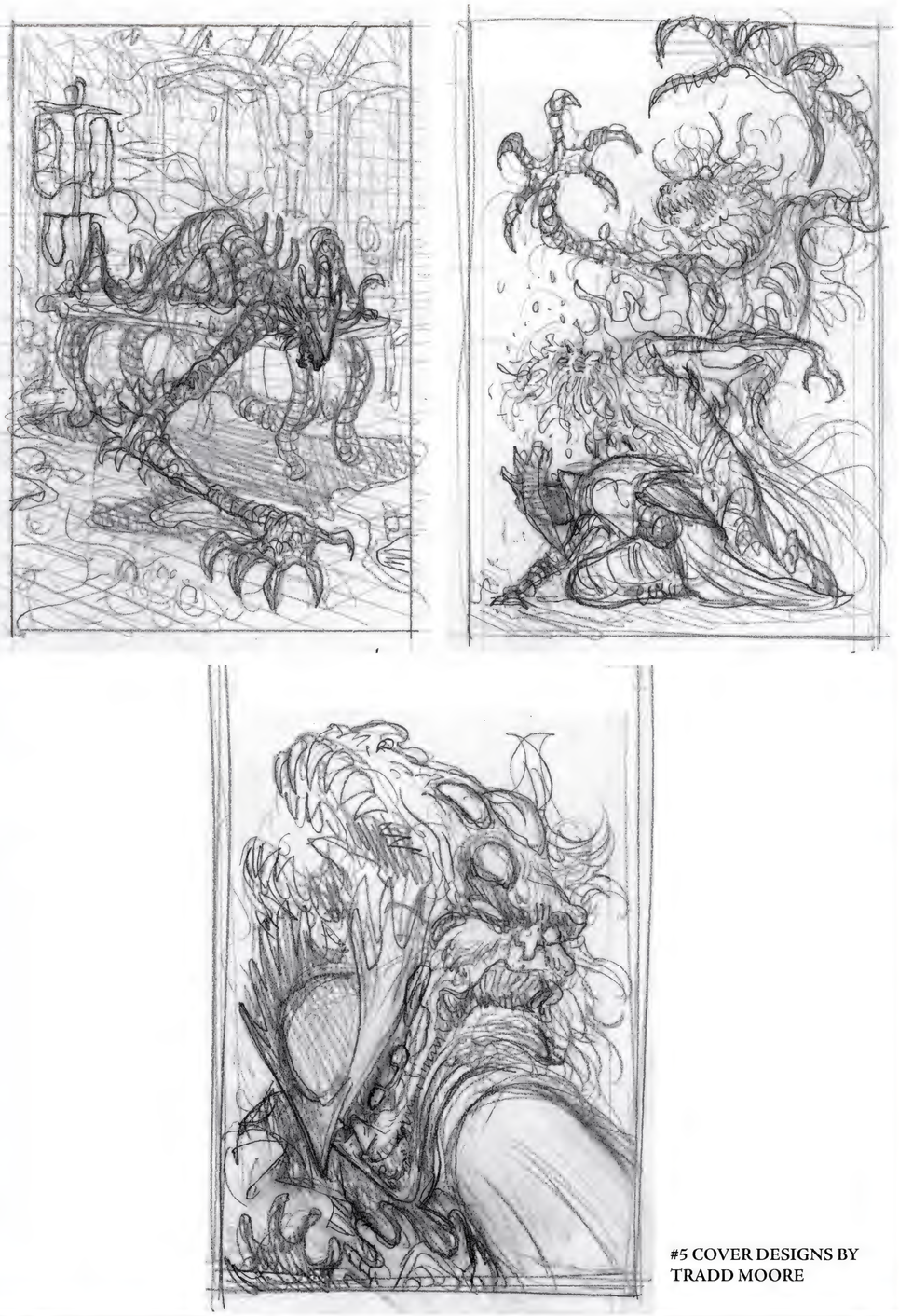
COVER SKETCHES



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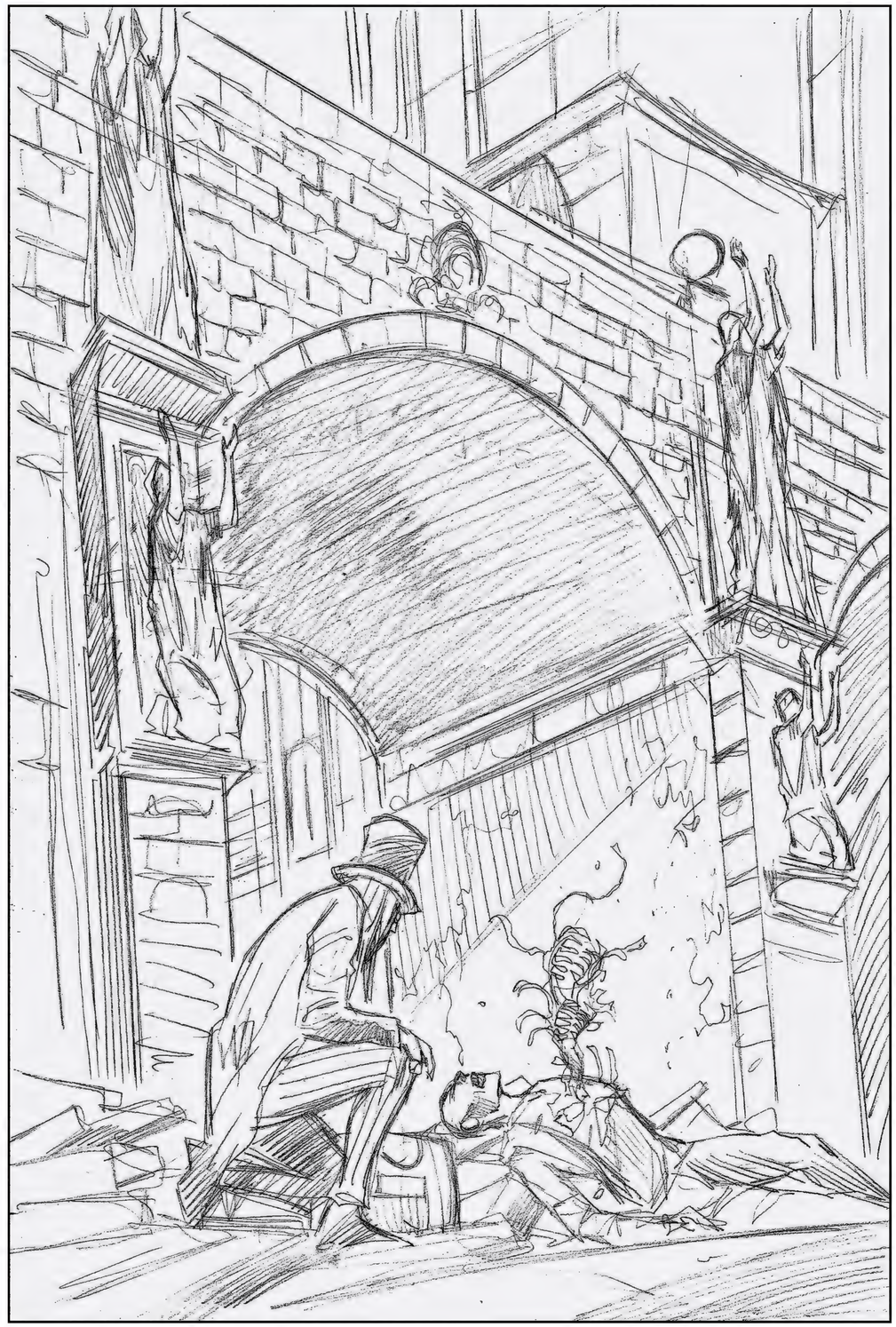

#5 COVER LAYOUT BY PIOTR KOWALSKI

CHARACTER DESIGNS

PRIEST CLEMENT CHARACTER SKETCH BY PIOTR KOWALSKI

#6 INKS BY PIOTR KOWALSKI

ALFREDIUS CHARACTER SKETCH BY PIOTR KOWALSKI

#6 INKS BY PIOTR KOWALSKI

CREATOR BIOS

ALEŠ KOT

ALEŠ KOT is a writer, director and producer with primary focus on film, comics, television and video games. He's responsible for politically-charged Image titles such as *Zero*, *Wolf*, *Material*, *Change*, *The Surface*, *Wild Children* and *Days of Hate*, comics which have received many accolades from media such as *Wired*, *The Guardian*, *The Hollywood Reporter*, *Entertainment Weekly*, and many others. He lives, unsurprisingly, mostly in Los Angeles.

PIOTR KOWALSKI

PIOTR KOWALSKI is a Polish comic book artist. Breaking into the French and Belgian markets with *Gail*, Kowalski's recent foray into the US comics has seen him tackle some of the industry's most iconic characters. Since then, Kowalski's dark foreboding style has appeared in a range of titles including *Robocop*, *30 Days of Night*, *Marvel Knights: Hulk*, *The Dark Tower*, *Terminal Hero*, *Sex*, *Dark Souls* and Titan's *Wolfenstein* series.

BRAD SIMPSON

BRAD SIMPSON is an American comic book colorist based in San Francisco. In addition to gracing the pages of many Marvel Comics titles such as *Deadpool*, *Vengeance*, and *The Amazing Spider-Man*, Simpson's stunning color choices have also proved invaluable in breathing life into such titles as *Godland*, *Sex*, *Sovereign*, *30 Days of Night* and *The Witcher*.

ADITYA BIDIKAR

ADITYA BIDIKAR is a comic book letterer and calligrapher. Best known for his hand-drawn approach, Bidikar has become one of the industry's most highly sought letterers, with his work appearing in titles such as *Grant Morrison's 18 Days*, *Grafity's Wall*, *Paradiso*, *Winnebago Graveyard*, *Kid Lobotomy*, *Motor Crush* and *Drifter*.

Bloodborne

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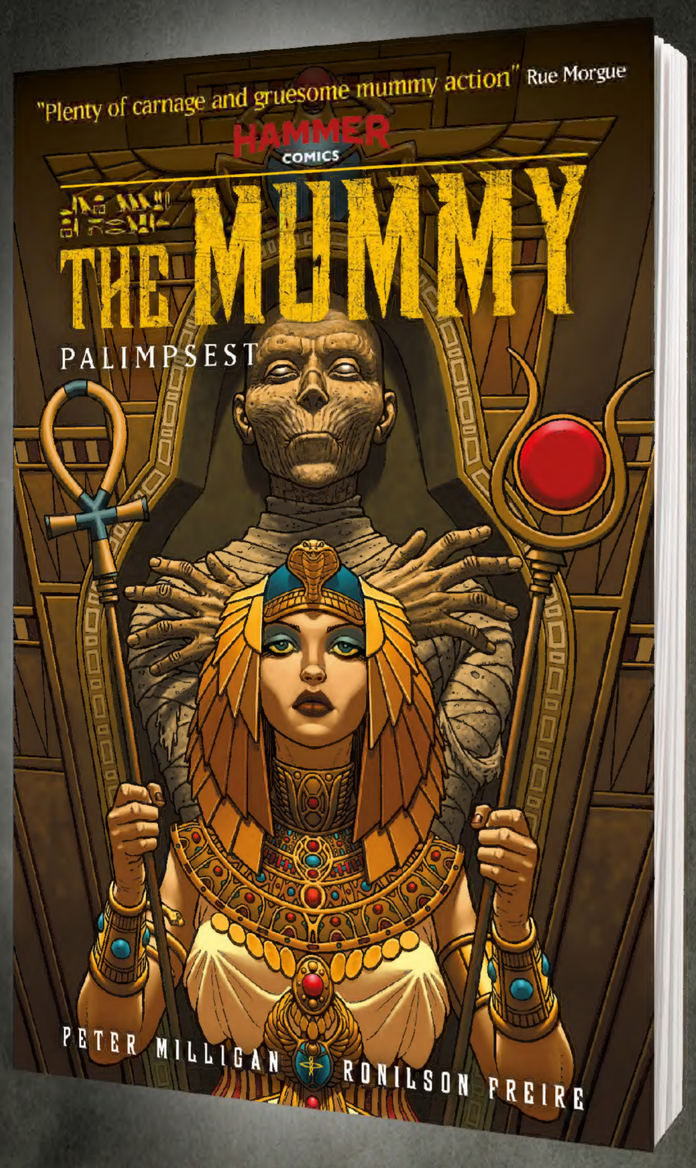

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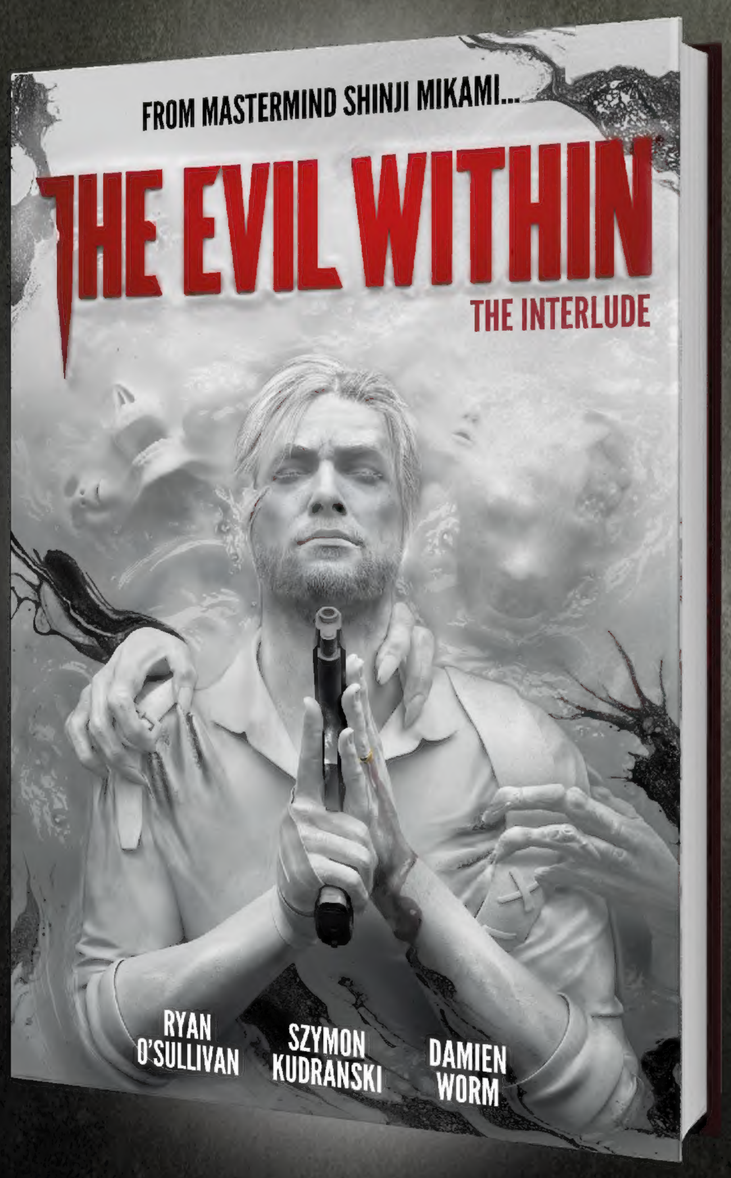

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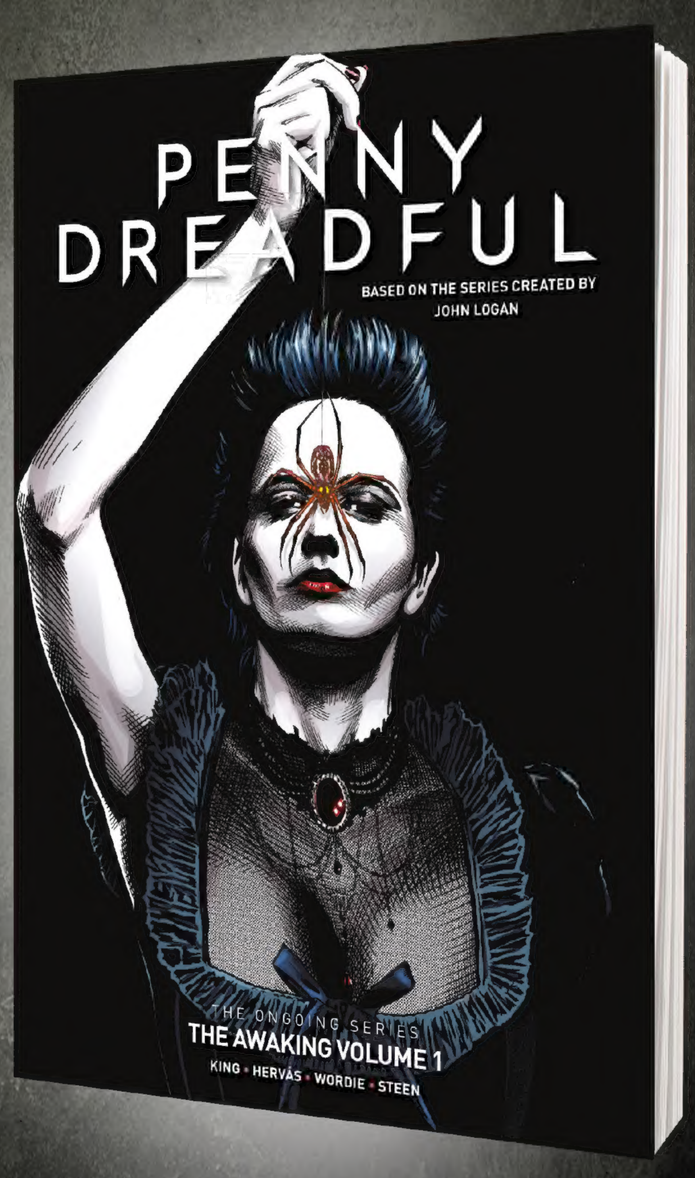

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